

## CONTENT.

BY FRED WARNER SWALEY.

## The German Emperor and I

Within the self-same year were born,  
Beneath the self-same sky,  
Upon the self-same morn;  
A Kaiser he, of high estate,  
And I the usual chance of fate.

His father was a Prince, and mine—  
Why, just a farmer—that is all.  
Stars still are stars, a thought some shine  
And some roll hid in midnight's pall;  
But argue, cavil all you can,  
My sire was just as good a man.

## The German Emperor and I

Eat, drink and sleep, he self-same way,  
For bread is bread, and pie is pie,  
And Kings can eat but thrice a day,  
And sleep will only come to those  
Whose mouths and stomachs are not foes.

## I rise at six and go to work.

And he at five, and less the same,  
We both have ears we cannot shut;  
Mine are for loved ones, his for fairs,  
He may live best, I cannot tell;  
I'm sure I wish the Kaiser well.

## I have a wife, and so has he;

And yet, if picture do not err,  
As far as human sight can see  
Mine is by long odds better as fair,  
Say, would I trade those eyes, dark brows?  
Not for an Empire as an heir-crown.

## And so the Emperor and I

On this one point could never agree;  
Moreover, he will never try,  
His frair suits him and mine suits me,  
And though his sons some day may rule,  
Mine stand at in public school.

## So let the Kaiser have his way,

But kings and nations in this down,  
I have my freedom and my say,  
And fear no ruler and his crown;  
For I, unknown to fame or war,  
Live where each man is Emperor.

## LOVE AND WAR.

BY WILLIAM WESTFALL.

A summer night at Geneva, and a  
nautical fete on Geneva's historical lake.  
The narrow stretch of water between  
the two sides of the city thronged with  
boats, great and small, all aglow with  
Chinese lanterns; rockets shooting sky-  
wards in rapid succession, their course  
marked by trails of fiery rain; at inter-  
vals the boom of cannon and the shouts  
of excited spectators.

"Good! Very well done, and how  
beautiful!" exclaimed Baron von Hohen-  
stein, who, together with Dr. Bart and  
myself, were watching the spectacle  
from one of the balconies of the Hotel  
de la Paix.

"Yes, it is very fine. The fireworks  
are splendid. How beautifully the lights  
are reflected in the water. And then  
the 'cannon thunder.' You have seen  
war, Herr Baron; does it not rather re-  
mind you of a battle?"

"A very small one. A single battery  
of light artillery would make more noise.  
Yes, I have seen war—seen it on a large  
scale—and though we Germans are sup-  
posed to be fond of fighting, I want to  
see no more of it. A battle-field strewn  
with thousands of corpses is a fearful  
sight, and when among the slain there  
are dear comrades and, it may be, kin-  
men, and one thinks of the sorrowing  
hearts at home, it is hard to rejoice even  
over the greatest victory. Yet I must  
not speak ill of war, for to war I owe the  
happiness of my life."

"The happiness of your life? How was  
that, Herr Baron?"

"Ach, Gott, Mein Herr! Thereby hangs  
a tale."

"So much the better. I like tales,  
above all when they relate to love and  
war, and if I am not indiscreet—"

"You go too fast. How know you  
that my tale relates to love and war?"

"You spoke of owing to war the hap-  
piness of your life—"

"So? You think, then, that one can-  
not have a life of happiness without love?  
You are right. But I am not good at  
tale-telling. I dare say, though, that my  
dear brother-in-law here, Dr. Bart, who is  
a born narrator, and knows the story  
almost better than I know it myself, will  
oblige you. Tell him all about it, Vic-  
tor. The fete is nearly over, and, while  
you discourse on war, our friend here and  
myself will smoke the calumet of peace."

"A very convenient arrangement,"  
said the Doctor, smiling. "I don't smoke,  
so you are willing that I should have all  
the talk to myself. Convenient, yet  
scarcely fair; and Hermann does himself  
scant justice. He can talk almost as  
well as he can fight."

"Ach! That's paying my power to  
fight a very poor compliment, Victor."

"On the contrary, it is paying your  
power of talk a high one. However, I  
will tell my part of the story—that in  
which I played the principal part—on  
condition that you do the rest."

"Good! It's a bargain," returned von  
Hohenstein. "By the time you have fin-  
ished your tale I shall have finished my  
pipe. Then I will begin; for smoke,  
though a good listener, is a bad talker.  
Go on."

Whereupon Dr. Bart, turning to me,  
began as follows:

"In the year 1870 I was a young sur-  
geon, living here in my native city, very  
eager to work, yet with very little work  
to do. So when the war broke out I of-  
fered my services, first to the Germans,  
then to the French, and falling to find  
employment from either, I enrolled my-  
self as a volunteer in the International  
Ambulance Corps, which took the field  
under the protection of the Red Cross of  
the Geneva Convention. In that ca-  
pacity I made the campaign of Sedan  
with the army of Marshal MacMahon."

"On August 23, 1870, we found our-  
selves at Vouziers, a small town of three  
thousand inhabitants, between Metz and  
Verdun, in that same forest of Arden-  
ne, which, in the previous century,  
was made classic by the exploits of Du-  
ranger. We had been asked from Rheims  
and Châlons with MacMahon's army, and  
were attached to the Seventh Corps of  
Armies, then commanded by General Douay."

"Our first care was to establish a field  
hospital, which was soon filled with  
wounded soldiers, for though no gen-  
eral engagement had yet taken place,  
there were several fights which had  
been going on for some time. The  
wounded were brought in from all  
sides, and the hospital was soon filled  
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time. The wounded were brought in  
from all sides, and the hospital was  
soon filled with them."

place there were continual affairs of out-  
posts.

"Meanwhile the army was in a state of  
dire confusion, marching and counter-  
marching without apparent object, for  
the Marshal hesitated; he could not  
make up his mind whether to follow the  
dictates of prudence and fall back on  
Paris, threatened by the third German  
Army, under the command of the Crown  
Prince of Prussia and Saxony, or, yield-  
ing to the entreaties of the Government  
to march to the rescue of Bazaine, who was  
at bay under the walls of Metz."

"While MacMahon was halting be-  
tween two opinions, the Germans were  
pushing forward with characteristic en-  
ergy. On the 26th their cavalry patrols  
exchanged pistol shots with the scouts  
of the Seventh Corps, which formed the  
right wing of the Marshal's army and  
would be the first to receive the enemy's  
onset."

"A battle seemed imminent. General  
Douay made his dispositions, fortified  
the heights, issued his orders, and con-  
centrated his command. But on the  
morning of the 27th came an order from  
the headquarters staff to fall back in the  
direction of Metz and Paris. The  
movement had, however, hardly begun  
when still other orders were issued. The  
Seventh Corps was to march on Bazaine.  
This meant that the influence of Paris  
had prevailed, and MacMahon was about  
to hazard everything in a desperate at-  
tempt to 'join hands with Bazaine,' an  
attempt which resulted in the fall of the  
empire and the ruin of France."

"Late in the afternoon the Seventh  
Corps passed through Vouziers for the  
third or fourth time. The men went  
anyhow, singing songs, falling out when  
it pleased them, cursing and shouting,  
marching to death with despair in their  
hearts and a laugh on their lips."

"In one of the officers of an infantry  
regiment I recognized an old friend from  
the neighborhood of Perney. The recogni-  
tion was mutual, and he asked me to  
bear him company for a mile or two.  
We found so much to talk about that  
the shades of evening were falling be-  
fore I remembered that I had to return to  
Vouziers. But going back was hardly  
less difficult than it would be to swim  
against the currents of the Rhone, as it  
rushed under the arches of the Pont du  
Mont Blanc. The road was so crowded  
with troops, horses, guns and carriages  
that progress was impossible. For every  
step I made forward I was forced two  
steps backward. In the end I took to  
the fields, but only to lose my way in the  
darkness, and despairing of finding it be-  
fore daylight, I turned into a cattle shed,  
folded myself in my cloak and fell fast  
asleep."

"I awoke with the first glimmerings of  
dawn and, hastily rising, made for the  
nearest road, with the intention of re-  
turning to Vouziers, although I had only  
the vaguest ideas as to the direction in  
which it lay. While I was hesitating  
which way to take, a sound like the  
trampling of horses' hoofs and the rattle  
of accoutrements fell on my ear.  
"Donny's rear guard," I thought, "will  
tell me the way." But the next mo-  
ment I heard voices, and from the  
shadow of a wood emerged a squadron of  
Uhlans. They were chanting a hymn,  
the words of which brought vividly to  
my mind the Roman gladiators' last  
greeting to the Emperor before they  
joined in mortal combat, Ave! Cesar!  
morituri te salutant! (Hail, Caesar! the  
dying salute thee!).

"The refrain of the hymn, as well as I  
can remember, ran thus:

"Oh, sun so red! oh sun so red!  
Ligit me to a warrior's bed.  
Yestreen mounted, lance in rest,  
To-day a bullet through the breast,  
Morrow in the cold, cold ground,  
For God and Fatherland!"

"I waited until the party came up.

"Who are you, and what are you do-  
ing here?" asked an under officer, riding  
forward."

"I told him.

"I don't believe a word you have  
said," answered the man sternly. "We  
have just come from Vouziers, and I  
can assure you there was not a Red  
Cross ambulance in the place. You are  
a spy."

"Against this imputation I warmly  
protested, pointed to my uniform, and  
produced my case of instruments."

"A uniform is nothing. Anybody  
can have a case of instruments. Where's  
your pass?"

"Unfortunately I had left it at my  
headquarters, and the only proofs of my  
identity and good faith which I could  
show were my card case and a few letters  
from friends at Geneva."

"Letters are nothing. Anybody may  
have letters. It is a clear case. You  
are a spy, disguised as an officer of the  
International Ambulance."

"Just then a lieutenant came up and  
demanded an explanation."

"The under officer explained."

"As you say, a clear case," replied the  
lieutenant. "Let the fellow be shot."

"Against this summary justice I pro-  
tested with all the energy of a man who  
pleads for his life."

"You may save your breath," said  
the lieutenant. "You are found here  
under suspicious circumstances, and  
without a pass. As likely as not you are  
a franc-tireur in disguise. You speak  
German with a French accent. Shoot  
him, sergeant!"

"And shot should have been to a  
dead certainty if another officer of higher  
rank had not arrived in the very nick of  
time. He also demanded an explanation,  
which was of course promptly given.  
Then he questioned me closely, asking  
among other things, where I had received  
my medical education."

"At the Medical School of Geneva  
and the University of Warburg."

"Then you know Professor Goering?"

"I did know Professor Goering, and  
mentioned several facts which led my  
questioner to believe that the account I  
gave of myself was probably true, but he  
said that until I could furnish proofs of  
my identity and good faith it would be  
his duty to detain me as a prisoner on  
parole, which, I need hardly observe, I  
gave with great alacrity."

"The officer who saved my life was  
Baron Hermann von Hohenstein."

"Three days afterwards we fought the  
battle of Sedan, which gave the compe-  
tence to France and established the unity  
of Germany. On the morning of the fight,  
thanks to my new found friends, I was  
permitted to help the German surgeons in  
their arduous work, and my ability in

this regard being accepted as proof of  
my good faith, I was set at liberty. More-  
over, the chief of the medical staff  
offered me a position as supernumerary  
staff surgeon, an offer which I gladly ac-  
cepted, and accompanied Baron von Ho-  
henstein to Paris, there to take part in  
the siege."

"And now, Hermann, I think I may  
leave you to tell the sequel."

"I will try," said the Baron, knocking  
the ashes out of his pipe. "I will try,  
and all the more willingly as it can be  
told quickly. I like not much speaking."

"But I must first of all tell you that  
Victor is too modest. He has omitted a  
material part of his story. He obtained  
his liberty and his appointment less be-  
cause of what he did after the battle  
than of what he did during the battle.  
He, a prisoner on parole and accused of  
being a spy, risked his life to save that  
of his captors. He dressed the wounds  
of my dear old friend, General von Elsen-  
baum under fire, there being no other  
surgeon at liberty, and helped to carry  
him out of action. For that brave deed  
he received the personal thanks of the  
king and von Moltke. He showed more  
courage that day than many a fighting  
officer who won the Iron Cross."

"Well, as he has told you, we went to-  
gether to Paris, lived in the same quar-  
ters, and became fast friends, and shall  
remain friends as long as both of us live.  
It was a hard winter, and we had a rough  
time. In the last days of the siege I got  
desperately wounded in a cavalry combat  
near St. Cloud—my head was laid open  
by a sabre stroke at the very moment a  
bullet went through my body."

"The doctors said that I must die,  
that nothing could save me. One alone  
refused to regard my case as hopeless,  
and to him I am indebted for my life.  
His name is Victor Bart."

"I did not know it then, for I lay  
many days, unconscious, but I knew af-  
terward that he treated me with consum-  
mate skill, and watched over me day and  
night. So you see it cost him much  
more trouble to save my life than it cost  
me to save his. And then, when I was  
getting better, another came and helped  
me to get well. A nurse she was, oh!  
such a sweet nurse—the sweetest you  
ever did see. She had soft, dark eyes, a  
low, sweet voice, and a face so lovely  
that words are too weak to describe it.  
At first, being still weak, I really thought  
she was a visitant from heaven; and one  
day I told Victor that an angel had been  
smoothing my pillow and giving me to  
drink."

"Victor laughed heartily.  
"That is my sister Lucie," he said.  
"A false report reached Geneva that I  
had been hurt, and she came to nurse  
me, but as I did not need a nurse, I set  
her to nurse you."

"I felt glad she was not an angel from  
heaven, for I had already fallen in love  
with her, and one fine May morning,  
when I could move about a little, as we  
were walking under the chestnut trees,  
I told her what was in my mind. I be-  
gan by saying that I did not know which  
to be the more thankful for—the wound  
on my head or the bullet through my body."

"Thankful for hurts that nearly killed  
you, Baron?" she exclaimed. "You are  
surely joking or—"

"I am neither joking nor delirious,  
Mademoiselle Bart. I was never more  
serious in my life. If I had not been  
wounded, you would not have been my  
nurse, and I should have missed the hap-  
piest time I have ever known. Your  
good brother has saved my life. You  
share it with me, Lucie? For I love  
you so dearly that I would rather lose it  
than live unloved by the angel of my  
dreams."

"I cannot tell you how Lucie an-  
swered, or whether she answered at all in  
words; but I read her answer in her eyes,  
and we were both very happy."

"And then I told Victor, and he was  
very glad, and he proposed—the war be-  
ing over and myself convalescent—that I  
should travel home by way of Geneva  
and make the acquaintance of his people."

"This offer I gladly accepted, and  
wrote to tell my people, who lived at  
Nuremberg, of all that had come to pass;  
and my mother and my sister, Natalie,  
met us at Geneva, and we stayed there  
several weeks."

"Natalie was a beautiful blonde, with  
blue eyes and rosy cheeks, and it was al-  
most a matter of course that Victor and  
she should fall in love with each other;  
and the day on which Lucie and I  
learned that her brother and my sister  
were betrothed was the second happiest  
of our lives. We were all married at the  
same time; and every other year Victor  
and Natalie visit us at Nuremberg, and  
every other year we visit them at Geneva."

"That is the end of the story, and  
when I have smoked one more pipe we  
will join the ladies in the saloon, and I  
shall have the pleasure of introducing you  
to Madame Victor Bart and the  
Baroness von Hohenstein. Afterward  
we will go to the Jardin Anglais and  
listen to the music. I will also introduce  
you to my sister, Helenechen, so there  
will be a lady for each of us."

## Famous Pearls.

The most curious among famous pearls  
is that which, three centuries ago, the  
French traveler, Tavernier, sold to the  
Shah of Persia for \$675,000. It is still  
in the possession of the sovereign of  
Persia. Another Eastern potentate owns  
a pearl of 12½ carats, which is quite  
transparent. It is to be had for the sum  
of \$250,000. Princess Yousouffoff has  
an Oriental pearl which is unique for the  
beauty of its color. In 1629 this pearl  
was sold by Georgibus, of Calais, to  
Philip IV. of Spain at the price of \$9,-  
000 dollars. To-day it is valued at \$225,-  
000. Pope Leo XIII. owns a pearl left  
to him by his predecessor on the throne  
of St. Peter, which is worth \$100,000,  
and the chain of thirty-two pearls, owned  
by the Empress Frederick, is estimated  
at \$175,000.

One million dollars is the price of the  
five chains of pearls forming the collar  
of the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild,  
and that of the Baroness Adolphe Roths-  
child is almost as valuable. Both these  
ladies are enthusiastic collectors of pearls,  
and their pearls have instructions to  
buy for them any pearl of unusual size  
and beauty which they may happen to  
come across. The sister of Miss Thiers,  
Mlle. Dodo, is also the owner of a very  
valuable string of pearls, which she has  
collected during the last thirty years. Of  
valuable black pearls the Empress of  
Australia possesses the most valuable  
collection.

The fact that steam vessels coming  
under the United States inspection laws  
carried in the last fiscal year nearly  
7,000,000 passengers with only forty-  
eight casualties certainly speaks well for  
the efficiency of the inspectors. Besides  
these forty-eight passengers, 157 officers  
and sailors lost their lives in shipwrecks,  
explosions or other disasters. Yet the  
total of two hundred casualties is wonder-  
fully small considering the immense num-  
ber of people transported.

An English statistician says that houses  
are worth eighteen times the rental  
Furniture, according to insurance agents,  
is worth on an average half the value  
of the house. In the comparison of  
real estate values arrived at by this com-  
parison are some curious results. On  
the whole, the worth of France is \$43,-  
000,000,000, and that of the United  
States \$43,000,000,000, and that of the  
United Kingdom \$43,000,000,000.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

INTERIOR navigation has long held a  
prominent place in the trade of France,  
and it is not surprising to learn that the  
length of navigable waterways in that  
country is 8000 miles, of which 650 miles  
are returned as tidal, 2100 miles naviga-  
ble without works, 2250 miles canalized  
rivers and 3000 miles canals. The State  
looks out for all but seven per cent of  
this network, which is therefore practi-  
cally free from tolls. This system of  
inland navigation has cost about \$300,-  
000,000 for construction and purchase  
and \$25,000,000 for concessions. The  
annual cost of maintenance is about \$2,-  
600,000, or \$325 a mile, which covers all  
expenditures whatsoever. The number  
of vessels employed on the waterways is  
between 15,000 and 16,000; about 26 per  
cent have a capacity of 300 tons or more,  
while more than half have a capacity ex-  
ceeding 100 tons. Moreover about 2000  
foreign boats use the French canals each  
year. The motive power is now almost  
entirely furnished by draft animals, al-  
though a few steam tugs are used on the  
Seine, the Oise and some other rivers,  
and steam cargo boats are occasionally  
met. Cable towing and tow locomotives  
are also used in a few places. The average  
cost of moving a ton of freight one mile  
is stated to be .054 cents on rivers and  
95 per cent less on canals.

Mr. Oso, a Japanese statistician, has  
just published some interesting figures  
concerning the remarkable increase of  
population in that country during the  
present reign, and especially since 1872.  
In January, 1872, the population was  
33,111,000; in December, 1889, it had in-  
creased to 40,070,000. Since 1887 the  
annual rate of increase has been 13 in  
every 1000, so that, if this rate is pre-  
served, the population will double itself  
in 55 years. In England the rate of in-  
crease is 13.2 per 1000, while in most  
European countries it is between six and  
nine, and in France and Spain much  
lower. Mr. Oso points out that the  
number of births in Japan is lower than  
in most civilized countries, except  
France, and that the number of illegiti-  
mate children is smaller than in  
European States. He therefore attributes  
the great increase of the population to  
the development of wealth since the  
restoration and to a decrease in the death-  
rate among children. From the tables  
which he gives, he infers that the  
national wealth has doubled in Japan in  
the last ten years, and he shows that  
the increase in the population has been  
greater in the northern and southern  
parts of the Empire, and least in the  
central part—a phenomenon due to  
migration from the central provinces.

The proposition to use the General  
Post Office as a savings bank has been  
more or less discussed from time to time,  
and inasmuch as it is one that has been  
tried with great success in some other  
countries, and notably in Great Britain,  
it is likely to come to the front again at  
any time. After thirty years experience  
in the latter country, it is declared by  
the Edinburgh Review to be the only  
institution of its kind which "affords  
absolute security for investment and the  
best form of provision for old age, due  
to the thrift of the people, without the  
intervention of the State." At the  
present time one person in six of the  
population of Great Britain is a depositor  
in the Post Office Bank, and inas-  
much as the operation of depositing and  
withdrawing money may be performed  
at any one of the 10,000 branch offices  
in the United Kingdom at which that  
kind of business is transacted, one can  
see that it is not because of the lack of  
facilities that the proportion of deposi-  
tors is not much larger than it is.

The State of California has for many  
years subordinated its mining to its  
agricultural and horticultural resources.  
It is a curious commentary on this fact  
that a recent computation shows not  
more than 20,000 of its 1,350,000 people  
are directly engaged in agriculture or  
fruit growing. In the first place, nearly  
or quite half the population of the State  
is congregated in San Francisco, Oakland  
and other cities around the great seaport.  
Los Angeles, with adjacent towns, claims  
a quarter of a million. It is true much  
of the prosperity of Los Angeles is  
based on its being the centre of a great  
orange and grape-growing district. But  
none the less its people are interested  
rather speculatively than practically in  
fruit growing. When it comes to those  
who devote all their time to farming and  
fruit growing the estimate is that they  
do not number more than 20,000 or with  
their families less than 100,000 in all.

The graceful palmetto, that grows so  
profusely in the lower tier of the South-  
ern States, has recently become a factor  
in the industries of the South, for its  
wood is hard enough to carve and its  
fibre is strong enough to make excellent  
cordage and a useful substitute for  
sponges. In Jacksonville a factory has  
been started for the purpose of making  
brushes and brooms of the fibre, and  
elsewhere sink brushes are being made  
of blocks of wood, half of whose thick-  
ness is converted into bristling points.  
The young leaves of the tree make a  
salad that the people are beginning to  
appreciate, and the taste of it is likened  
to that of chestnuts. Bears knew about it  
long before the people did, and is it a  
favorite article of diet among them,  
the black bears climbing the trees and  
browsing on the fresh shoots as eagerly  
as they browse on watermelons.

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It is certainly a striking memorial to  
Capt. Miles Standish, the hero of the  
early Pilgrim wars with the Indians, that  
has been raised over his grave in Dux-  
bury, Mass. It consists of a granite  
boulder, weighing five tons, upon which  
his name is cut, and which is flanked by  
a number of big cannon. It is appro-  
priate and pleasing, though of a plain  
and primitive character.

The northern part of Honduras is  
largely devoted to fruit culture. It is  
well watered, soil fertile, and climate  
healthy, with no droughts or frosts. An  
acre of land, properly cultivated, pro-  
duces 300 bunches of bananas yearly,  
and the fiber is being turned to practical  
utility. The exports of vegetables last  
year from Honduras amounted to \$1,501,-  
000 in value.

BARON HINCHIN is said to be the richest  
man the world has ever known. It is  
said that he has a capital of \$500,000,  
000. A man of frugal habits should be  
able to live comfortably on the income  
of such a sum.

## THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

APPLES.—Chemically, the apple is  
composed of vegetable fibre, albumen,  
sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gal-  
lic acid, lime, and much water. Further-  
more, the German analysts say that the  
apple contains a larger percentage of  
phosphorus than any other fruit or vege-  
table. The phosphorus is admirably  
adapted for renewing the essential  
nervous matter, leithin, of the brain  
and spinal cord. It is, perhaps, for the  
same reason, rudely understood, that old  
Scandinavian traditions represent the  
apple as the food of the gods, who, when  
they felt themselves to be growing  
feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit  
for renewing their powers of mind and  
body. Also, the acids of the apple are  
of signal use for men of sedentary habits,  
whose livers are sluggish in action, those  
acids serving to eliminate from the body  
noxious matters, which, if retained, would  
make the brain heavy and dull, or bring  
about jaundice, or skin eruptions, or other  
allied troubles. Some such an expe-  
rience must have led to our custom of  
taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich  
goose, and like dishes. The malic acid  
of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will  
neutralize any excess of chalky matter  
engendered by eating too much meat. It  
is also the fact that such fresh fruits as  
the apple, the pear and the plum, when  
taken ripe and without sugar, diminish  
acidity in the stomach rather than pro-  
voke it. Their vegetable juices and  
juices are converted into alkaline carbon-  
ates, which tends to counteract acidity.

MORRID SELF-INSPECTION.—Many per-  
sons who have many ailments of slight  
individual importance get a group of  
symptoms which is annoying and some-  
times distressing, says a medical writer.  
These are apt to cause in those of mel-  
ancholy temperament an anxiety in regard  
to health and a general concern in one's  
self. This continued produces a habit  
of making one's feelings a mirror, but  
this mirror, it may be remarked, is about  
as accurate in its reflections as the pieces  
of glass in a dime museum which make a  
lean man fat or a fat man lean and in gen-  
eral distort every feature. Headaches,  
pains over the stomach, backaches, feel-  
ings of fatigue, muscular soreness, de-  
pressed spirits and a multitude of other  
things, appearing singly and amounting  
to little, tend to give one an impression  
that disease actually exists where there  
is nothing that is tangible. This condi-  
tion of ailment carries with it what is  
known as hypochondria—a mental affec-  
tion which brings with it an introspec-  
tion. Those who have a habit of putting  
in the balance their little complaints  
against nature scarcely realize the risk  
they run. Thinking of one's self  
and speculating on the outcome  
of this little thing and that little thing  
in the way of something extraordinary of-  
ten makes an invalid out of one who is  
really in good physical condition. Hypo-  
chondria is a purely mental disease,  
born of internal feelings, but always  
outwardly expressed. Depression of  
spirits, a tendency to magnify little com-  
plaints and a searching after what does  
not exist marks it course. It is diag-  
nosed with ease and can be cured by  
proper attention to a very few details.  
In your ordinary course of existence, do  
not drug yourself; take plenty of exer-  
cise; avoid the mirror, except for the  
toilet; let your conversation not include  
yourself; occupy your mind with sensi-  
ble reading matter or home work, and,  
in a nutshell, forget that you exist so far  
as your petty ailments are concerned. It  
is only dwelling on trifles that makes a  
mental impression which develops with  
age and which has a well-defined ten-  
dency to create and maintain a morbid  
state of the mind. The sufferer thinks  
that he has had this complaint and be-  
lieves her thoughts right in every sense.  
Those inclined to be hypochondriacal  
are advised to keep away from dispen-  
saries and medical institutions in general,  
and to busy themselves with anything  
which will take one's mind away from  
one's self."

## A "Sulky" Tea Set.

The English have what they call a  
"sulky" tea set, which is simply a very  
small accompanying cup and saucer in-  
tended for use when a sip of tea is re-  
quired. A "sulky" cover is a circle of  
linen embroidered in some pretty design,  
that of the service, if possible, the edge  
finished with scallops. An interlining  
pad of heavy cotton flannel, bound with  
ribbon, is lightly tacked to the mat, so  
that it may be removed for laundrying  
purposes, and the whole is thrown over  
the service in carrying it through the  
house to the bedside of the invalid or  
"sulky" lounge, who may not or will